/47 cont./
chichas and cojosa (sour milk), and, when he cuts his teeth, solid food which had previously had to be mashed for easier swallowing. After passing this period, the child eats the same as any adult, with slight differences marked by the family organization, as we have just seen, receiving the plain food served since it is unusual for him to share in any special dishes which the adult members of the household may eat.

During periods of scarcity the gathering and use of wild fruits is an important item in the household economy. The Guajiro, when he finds any such fruit, will immediately eat as much as he can, until satiety is reached. Regularity in hours of eating is very difficult in such circumstances -- one might say that the Guajiro has no fixed mealtimes, but that he eats when he obtains some food. In normal times and in homes where the shortage of food is not much felt, the family's hours /48/ for meals are more or less as follows: On rising, very early, they take a little coffee with panela, if there is any, or more often a gourdful of cojosa (1); in the evening after

1. Milk which is left to sour in special food vessels.

sunset, upon returning from work, they have their principal meal composed of mazamorra with milk, some rolls or corn griddlecakes and coffee or a chicha of fruit, corn, or yucca. The normal diet does not include the daily eating of meat, which is only eaten on certain rare occasions, the same as cheese and certain vegetables such as ahuyamas /Cucurbita berucosa/, gourds, yucca, etc. Toasted corn with salt or something sweet is frequently eaten, rice soup (a very much-used food), dry rice, or a soup of trupillo pods /Mimosaceae/, which are chewed after having been parboiled, the fibers later being spat out, or mixed with milk. At periods when food is in short supply, they have the habit of making use of the tender shoots of cacti, which are roasted over a flame in order to get

7:Bolinder T-5 (1920, 1955) 1957
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quarrelsome, the parting drink of spirits having had its effect. One old man after much swaying in the saddle was finally thrown off by his jibbing mule. He landed in a prickly bush and became frantic. He wanted to see blood. Luckily his weapons were on his saddle, but he managed to remove one of his spurs and began stabbing with it at those who were trying to help him up. Francisco received a jab, but he and a couple of others managed to overpower the old ruffian, whom they bound and tied to his saddle. Then his wife led him and his mount away.

One by one the groups went off in their various directions. We came to the rancho of the young Indian, our new friend. He had several big huts, built on the sand, where there was no greenery or shade. He explained that when the rains came, it did not become swampy there, as in most other places, but the water ran through the sand and you could walk dry-shod. There were looms in several of the open huts. At one sat our host's young, light-complexioned wife, who undoubtedly was a great beauty by Guajiro standards, and in another his aged mother with a wrinkled clever face.

We were offered goat's milk as a refreshment. I was always amazed at the care with which these Indians collected the small quantities of milk the goats yielded, for each gave a mere squirt. We took a gulp of goat's milk in order to avoid having to drink spirits.

The women were in a great bustle, evidently getting a spread ready. The Guajiro are hospitable, and when strangers or friends come they must have the best the house can provide. If need be, the host gives up his own hammock and lies on the ground.

Our host had plenty of hammocks. After resting a while, my wife went inside to look at the weaving, while I produced one of the pistols I had bought at an auction and demonstrated it, shooting a couple of shots, the noise and smoke of which appeared highly satisfactory to our host. Hastily he drew me aside and whispered that he had something that ought to interest me. He had *sonu* and was willing to part with this precious, sought-after article in exchange for my noisy pistol. After all I had a companion-without a